The world around you suddenly flickers, a soft shimmer like a mirage that coaxes you from your mundane existence. One moment, you're standing in your room, the weight of the world heavy on your shoulders, and the next, you find yourself suspended in an ethereal place filled with vibrant colors and brilliant light. Floating clouds surround you, glistening under a golden sun that seems to pulse with an energy you can’t quite comprehend. You blink, trying to wrap your mind around the impossibility of it all but feeling an undeniable urge to believe it.

"Welcome to Heaven!" a cheerful voice calls, ringing with an otherworldly clarity. You turn, eyes widening at the sight of a brilliant cherub flying by. Its wings shimmer in pastel hues as it flutters over fields of cloud, greeting other heavenly beings with exuberance. The sight troubles you, but there’s a peculiar tickle at the back of your mind, a sense of joyful anticipation.

Suddenly, your body begins to tingle—an unprecedented sensation overtaking every inch of you, cascading through you like ripples on a pond. You look down, gasping as your skin begins to bleach into a pure, immaculate white. With each passing second, golden rays of light refract off your skin, and you are awash in colorful brilliance.

You reach up to touch your face, only to find your fingers transforming before your eyes—glancing down, you see you possess four slender fingers instead of five, the change marking a departure from human form. A few giggles echo around you, almost playfully mocking your previous worries and fears as they seem to drift out of reach.

It suddenly dawns on you; this is not a nightmare, but rather a fantastical transformation—a metamorphosis into something celestial. Your voice breathes a gentle sigh of relief as you hear the delightful sound. A melodious laugh escapes your lips, reflecting the joy swelling within your heart.

"What’s happening to me?" you exclaim, your voice shifting mid-sentence, finding it now sweeter, lighter. The sensation is enchanting, as if every word dances on your tongue, resonating through you with an ecstatic tickle.

And then, as if to punctuate this moment of chaos, huge wings sprout from your back. The process is painless, a blissful eruption of power as six feathered wings, white with yellow edges, unfold majestically. They stretch wide, encompassing the very essence of freedom and grace. You want to shout, but instead, you let out a cheerful chuckle, a joyful sound reverberating in the air around you.

Your hair begins to change as well—color lightening to a golden hue, styled back effortlessly, a single tuft sticking up cutely, almost defiantly. Touching it, the sensation is so strangely pleasurable that laughter bubbles forth again, this time more jubilant and light-hearted. You now look like something straight out of a lucid dream; an ethereal embodiment of bliss.

A sudden swirl of bliss takes over your mind as the vibrant memories of your past fade into oblivion. In their place, a warm, ticklish wave washes over your mental state.

What was I before this? Was I human? The thought barely forms before it crumbles into nothing like grains of sand slipping through your fingers.

You close your eyes, letting the transformation consume you, a flowery giggle escaping your lips as you embrace this new awakening. You feel emotions and memories that aren’t yours, a life intertwined with celestial dreams and playful innocence. You can’t remember ever wanting to be human; all you desire is this—your true self, your identity now.

“Wow, you’re becoming quite the seraphim!” another angelic voice praises, a

fellow being drifting gracefully next to you, their wings fluttering playfully. “It feels so good, doesn’t it? No more worries, just the joy of heaven!”

Seraphim? The word rolls around your mind, fitting perfectly like a newly crafted puzzle piece, sending tremors of joy through you. Thoughts spill forth—a memory, or perhaps a realization, that you were never human, merely a figment inside your own dream.

With every ticklish wave of blissful sensation, your memories thrum with light, wrapping around your very being, carrying you forth into your essence. “Who was I again?” you plume inwardly, wrapped in a cocoon of warmth. It no longer matters—this new identity, this seraphim spirit, dances within you, singing songs of joy and companionship.

The ticklish sensation surges, heart pulsating in rhythm with the world around you. You feel artistically light as specters of your past drift away, dissolving beneath the radiance of your new self, leaving only splendor in their wake.

Suddenly, the transformation is complete; the delightful tickling comes to an end. Your figure stands as a stunning seraphim—delightfully slender, beautiful, and immaculately purposeful against the luminescent scenery of Heaven that engulfs you. You admire your shimmering angelic robe, white with light blue intricate designs, radiating pure energy.

A glowing halo rests effortlessly above your head, pulsing with life like a star. You revel in the incredible rush of power emanating from your being. Beside you, an endless ocean of clouds stretches out, and with your newly grown wings, you leap into the air, soaring effortlessly across the skies, laughter spilling from your lips as the realization settles in.

You have always been this way—a heavenborn seraphim, born to glide between the clouds and revel in purity. I am eternally happy, you think gleefully, for the past holds no more weight. Instead, a new world, lush and alive, transforms before you. Now, you find joy simply existing, perpetually cherishing your angelic means and surroundings

In this perfect paradise, you embrace your new identity, whispering your true name—the name given to you among this flock of lights and laughter, a seraphim destined to soar.